

A Copy of Verses Humbly Presented to

All my Loving MASTERS and MISTRESSES
Of Holborn-End-Devifion in the Parifh of St. Giles's in the Fields.

By T. Bamber & G. Fido, Beadles and Bell-Men.

The PROLOGUE

Once more I have my Annual Prefent brought,
Not Gold nor Perl, but Night & Morning thought,
The which I hope will please my loving Friends,
Who will, no doubt, make a full amends,

For all my study and my constant Care,
For whilst I live no labour will I spare
To please my Friends either by Night or Day,
And for your good Prosperity I'll pray.

For the King.

OUR Sovereign Lord of Majesty and Might,
Europe's great Champion and the Land's delight,
Whose Conquering Sword gave daring Foes their doom,
And planted Peaceful Laurels in the Room,
Of raging War, now may he long possess
The Royal Throne with lasting Happiness,
Reaping the Pleasure of his warlike toyle,
With Peace and Plenty in his fruitful Oyle.

On the Fifth of November.

UPON this Day did Rome a Plot contrive
To blow up King, Lords, Commons, all alive,
And Faux with a Dark-Lantern did retire
Where Powder lay to set the Train on Fire,
But God who knows full all that Man can do,
Prevented Faux and all that Hellish Crew,
For which great blessing let us here forget
To thank the Lord who has prevented it.

On Christmas Day.

THE Son of God, and Saviour of Mankind,
Was Lowly in his Princely Birth we find,
For tho he was Supreme and Lord of all,
He chose no Palfrey but an Oxen Stall,
A Manger was the Cradle where he lay,
When Shepherds did their Adoration pay,
To the sweet blessed Son of Righteousness,
And to let us from Age to Age express
A cheerful Veneration for this Day
Of his great Birth, who wash'd our sins away.

On St. Stephens Day.

WHEN for the Truth this blessed Martyr dy'd,
See how he was with Patience qualify'd,
No kind of Anger did in him appear,
Against those Jews that acted most severe,
But patiently his Life he did lay down,
For the Reward of a most noble Crown,
Of Martyrdom which by his Death he wore,
Sealing the Christian Faith with purple gore.

On St. John's Day.

THE love of God was fully manifest
To Righteous John for on his Masters Breast,
He had the Favour for to Lean we find,
The sweet refreshing Fountain of Mankind,
Let us likewise by Faith on him depend,
Lean on the Lord, make him our Blessed Friend,
That when we shall arrive beyond the Grave,
Our Souls in Christ a resting place may have.

On Innocents Day.

WHEN Herod knew that one was born to be,
King of the Jews, a greater Prince than he,
His wrath increas'd, infants he doom'd to dye,
Dear Mothers wept to see them bleeding lye,
Great was the slaughter then, yet nere the less,
The Prince of Peace and Son of Righteousness,
He could not touch, for why, the Father knew,
That Christ had yet a greater work to do.

On New-Years Day.

THE year of Sixteen Hundred Ninety Nine,
Is pass'd away and did the place resigne,
To Seventeen Hundred, never known before,
Time Passes on apace, let us therefore,
With this new Year renew our Lives with speed,
Let us resolve Religious lives to lead,
Both Rich and Poor, and then we need not fear
But God will bless us with a happy Year.



On Twelfth-Day.

THE Wise Men from the East a Journey took,
And for a time their Native Land forsook,
To seek the Lord whose Star they had beheld,
Presenting they brought and was with comfort fill'd,
While they upon their bended Knees did fall,
Before the Lamb of God and Lord of all,
This shew'd their true Obedience, so should we
Approach his presence with Humility.

The Conversion of St. Paul.

BEhold when Paul resolv'd to persecute,
The Church of Christ no Man could him confute,
Yet nere the less sweet Jesus from above
Did with a Voice soon turn his Wrath to Love;
For further did he his Designs pursue,
From whence we see what our great God can do,
He soon can turn the Heart of Man, therefore
Let us his ever blessed Name adore.

On the Martyrdom of King Charles.

THIS is a Day that calls for weeping Eyes,
The Day King Charles did fall a Sacrifice,
Mourn England Mourn, for thy Religious Prince
He suffer'd by the hand of Violence,
His Crowned Head upon a block they lay'd,
And soon their bloody banners they display'd,
Some of his Enemies they wept to see
The dreadful blow, the dismal Tragedy,
Whole Royal Blood has left so deep a stain
That all our Tears can nere wash forth again.

To my Masters.

ALL Servants ought to pay a due respect,
To their Superiors, therefore no neglect,
Shall ere be found in me I do declare,
Therefore kind Masters with a constant care,
Be serve you all either by Day or Night,
Obeying your Commands with much delight,
Not altogether for the hope of gain,
But thro respect which shall till Death remain.

To my Mistresses.

THE choicest blessings in this World below
Does from the Lips of Vertuous Women flow,
Sometimes in words of wholesome sound advice
Sometimes in Love beyond the reach of price,
Sometimes in being partners of our care,
From whence we find Obliging Wives they are
Blessings to Comfort and prolong our Days,
So whilst I live I'll speak a Womans praise.

To the Young Men.

YOUNG Men, this is a strange corrupted Age,
Folley we see the mounts the wanton Stage,
Of these our times with Spangled Vanities,
Then turn thy back at her, if thou art wise,
And worship God in Righteousness and Truth,
Give him the Glory of thy blooming Youth,
Yield true Obedience to his blessed will,
Then will he all thy Days with Comfort fill.

To the Maids.

MY pretty Maids both tender, young and fair,
For you the Bellman has a special care,
Therefore my Kind Advice I'll send you here,
Let not young Bachelors Approach too near
The Cabinet of your pure Virgin Fame,
For they have Keys that will unlock the same,
And should they ruse it, tis ten to one
But you with Tears in Vain may make your moan.

On Mortality.

EVER has Reign'd of late amongst us here,
Throwing his Darts so sharp and so severe,
That some has suddenly been snatch'd away
From large Possessions lofty Buildings gay,
From rich Imbroidered Robes and sweet Perfume
To lodge within a Grave of silent Tomb,
By true experience this we daily see;
And God doth know whose turn the next will be.

EPILOGUE

THus having fill'd the Limits of my sheet
My Teeming fancy courts me to retreat,
That she may bath in the refreshing streams
Of Helicon, where the Celestial beams
Shall nourish her till next Ensuing Year,
And then my Loving Friends she will appear
In all her Beauty like a Lovely Bride,
Till then I hope you will be satisfy'd
With what I have presented you this Day,
Your Humble Servant bid to Watch and Pray.